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RECOLLECTIONS

1897 to 1921

ROBERT JONES HADDEN

The purposes of these rambling recollections are double. It may be that a descendant or two would be interested in what sort of conditions existed, or what kind of life his, or her, forbear lived in the early part of the twentieth century. These memoirs throw a small gleam of light on these subjects.

My father, Robert Acheson Hadden was born December 8, 1868 in Greenfield, Illinois. His father, John D. Hadden, an Irishman, had had ten years in the English Army, then been a farmer in the U.S., and had also worked for various firms. His mother, Esther Edwards Hadden, like his father, had lived in Ireland. The father and mother were married in Ulster and then came to the United States, where the record shows that John D. Hadden received his naturalization papers in 1875 in New Jersey.

My father (Dad) had two younger brothers, John and George, and a younger sister, Esther.

Dad referred only sparingly to his boyhood life, much of which was spent on a Minnesota farm. Nothing he ever said would indicate a longing for care-free barefoot days. Irrespective of this back-ground, he was one of the happiest and most ebullient of men. He loved people and they loved him.

His basic education was skimpy at best. It was probably in his late teens that he had a religious experience which resulted in what was phrased as "the call". He had heard the Voice of God beckoning him to a life of Christian service. He responded enthusiastically, happily and with all his being.

He received his theological education at the Chicago Theological Seminary and Moody Bible Institute. In those days, religious views were almost all conservative. My father embraced these views and stayed by them all his life for he was convinced the Bible was the definite Word of God and that every phrase and word was inspired. His view was that if any of it wasn't correct, then there wasn't any portion that was infallible. It was either all true or all suspect. His knowledge of the Scriptures was phenomenal and he had convincing

explanations for most every puzzling point.

He passed the examination to become a pastor and was ordained on June 4, 1895. The clerk who kept the record of the proceedings was Jennie (Jane) Jones. On July 16, 1895 he and Jennie were married in West Pullman, Illinois. A photograph taken at the time of marriage show a handsome couple, he sitting on a couch and she standing back of it. He had a fine profile, moderately long hair with a cowlick, a luxuriant moustache, a wing collar with white bow tie and a close fitting high 4-button dark coat. She wore a dark skirt with flaring shoulders and a white waist with a high collar. A handkerchief dangled from the upper central part of the waist. She had a smooth youthful face and her hair was parted in the middle with a bun in the back. In spite of the stilted appearance which the top photographers of the day insisted upon, one could see that under their set posture was a handsome, fine couple.

I was not told much about the wedding, or if I was, I have forgotten. One thing I do remember hearing - my father's mother and father did not attend the ceremony. My father's mother (grandmother to me) was the managing director of the family. She and my grandfather failed to show because grandmother had had a heart attack. Incidentally, she was opposed to the marriage. It wasn't because she thought the bride more unsuitable than someone else. Grandmother's clear conviction was that sons are brought into the world for one purpose - to support their parents. Marriage interferes with this program. Here was my father, just beginning to earn lush money and the rights of the parents were not being properly respected. My father was being reimbursed by his Congregational Church $1,000 a year. He had agreed to give his parents $25.00 a month after marriage, but Grandmother was above altering her high principles for such a paltry

concession. However, the wedding was a happy occasion in spite of the "no shows". And Grandmother recovered to enjoy many more heart attacks, finally dying from a stroke some forty years later.

My mother was born in Laurence County, Ohio, in the town of Ironton. She first saw the light of day on September 21, 1867. Her birth certificate (she was the 82nd person born in Laurence County) showed the name Jennie Jones. She never was sure but that it should have been recorded as Jane.

Her father and mother (Evan D. and Eleanor) were born in Wales. Her father custom-made shoes and he became so respected for his work that finally he employed four or five men. The father and mother lived a happy, contented life, darkened by family losses. There were eight children, three of whom died in infancy and two as children. Reaching adulthood was a chancy business in those days. Childrens' diseases that today are taken in stride, fifty years or more ago were fatal to an awesome number. The two sisters who survived along with my mother were Eliza Eleanor Jervis (born 1858) and Mary Sinah Harris (born 1860).

My mother told me a bit about her grandmother, who with five children emigrated from Wales to the United States. They came in a sailing ship which, because of storms, became lost. Between two and three months elapsed before the ship finally berthed. My mother used to berate herself for not learning more details about this experience - how were the children managed - what did they eat - etc. Mother would say, "I was a young girl, just interested in my own affairs. What a story I missed."

Mother's father and mother died in 1885 when she was eighteen years of age. She went to live with her sister, Mrs. D. T. Harris (Mary Sinah) in Decatur, Alabama. Mother's experience there as

Decatur's first telephone operator and what occurred when the dreaded Yellow Fever struck the town is told in the Southern Telephone News of May, 1953 and the Pacific Telephone Magazine of July-August 1953.

On February 25, 1897 I was born at our home in Chicago, Illinois. It could not have been a particularly memorable event because in after years when Mother and Dad spoke of it, their principal topic concerned why the doctor sent a substitute. At such an important event, too.

Close to three years after marriage, Father became minister of a church in Minneapolis. I recall asking Mother why they left the Chicago Church. "Well", she said, "if a young handsome minister marries one of his congregation, disenchantment and gossip are likely to be generated by those who had an eye on him. In such circumstances it's best to leave!"

The third move was to the Congregational Church in Ironton, Ohio. This was, I think, about 1901. We lived in a manse, what seemed to me to be a large house located next to the church. The usual outdoor convenience was located at the back of the lot, a three-holer, including a small one for me. I can still remember how cold that frosty seat was in the winter.

Just outside the back door was a well where water for all purposes was pumped by hand. The cooking was done on a wood stove. The house was heated by oil stoves and fireplaces, but even so, except in the kitchen, it was a cold house in winter.

Father preached a grand sermon - at least that's what members of the congregation said. My personal reaction was that the whole service could have been shorter. But, occasionally, there were compensations. There was a large, sonorous organ which helped the choir belt out the Christian message. The compressed air for the organ pipes was supplied by a hand pump operated by an old, blind negro.

The hand pump was near the organ, delicately hidden from the congregatio by a screen. When the sermon was finished Father always gave a short prayer. Immediately at the start of the prayer, the blind, old man went to work on the pump because it took a minute or so to generate enough air to operate the organ. And, of course, after the prayer, the choir had to offer its benediction on the proceedings.

Church services in those days lasted close to two hours. When I became unusually jittery, Mother would let me go back of the screen to help the old man. He would allow me to pump. A couple of times he disappeared at the time of the crucial after-sermon prayer. I waited to start pumping until the end of the prayer. The organist fiddled with the silent keys, opening every ivory trying to get some sound while the choir improvised. Then suddenly the compressed air took hold with a mighty blast. What a glorious triumph that was for a seven-year old.

Due to my youth I was not severely reprimanded, but the second time it occurred, I was taken off the organ detail permanently.

My recollection of the Sunday life of the day creates no nostalgia. We did not take the Sunday newspaper because Sunday should only be devoted to religious services and reading the Bible or the Sunday-school paper. One of the exceptions was a "Book of Christian Martyrs". Lots of bloody stories here, but the good guys always got clobbered. This was considered noble and was given parental approval. However, to me, it seemed senseless to die over a mere difference of opinion because, even then, I had noticed that sometimes one's opinions changed. Discussions of this with Mother and Dad developed the fact that I thought "faith" and "opinion" had the same meaning. Subconsciously I never agreed there was much difference, so I quit reading about martyrs and went to the next door neighbors to read the funny papers.

It was here in Ironton in 1902 that my brother, Paul Evan, was born. It was a great event. He was born at our home, attended by the family doctor and a coterie of women friends. My brother was named after my father's great Biblical hero, Saul (later Paul) of Tarsus. My brother Paul, like me, was destined by my parents for a life of religious leadership but someplace along the line we got side-tracked.

Mother and Dad were respected, liked and loved by their flock. Many good times were had which would now seem pretty dull. Fireworks on the Fourth of July, ice-cream socials, evenings of song, swimming in the river and the Sunday dinners. Oh! what dinners. Even the baptisms in the river occasionally requested by converts had moments of joy. I could always count on one or two who, even for a moment, couldn' hold their breath under water. The resultant choking, gagging and snorting gave unholy pleasure to almost any youngster - and some elders.

I will not reminisce here about the revival meetings. That was covered in a paper titled "Ministers' Sons" which I wrote in 1963.

In summers we usually went for a month to Winona Lake to the Chatauqua. Change of surroundings, swimming, meeting new people, an occasional movie at the auditorium, and scores of orators. William Jennings Bryan was there - although if I heard him, it made no memorable impression. While these summer trips were supposed to be a vacation, I think my parents worked harder than ever. My father was continually attending meetings. And my mother, cooking on a strange stove, doing the family washing with a different scrubboard and generally doing everything she did at home but in a stranger situation. She never complained and she was always interested in her neighbors, what their problems were and how could she help them.

Father loved the religious meetings he attended. He could more than hold his own in any religious discussion. His practical logic,

however, seemed to desert him on everyday matters, particularly if they were unusual or dramatic. For example, when I was seven or eight, I can recall him telling me about an article he had read, "They say that they've now got a bullet that travels so fast it will go through a windowpane without breaking it". I was properly impressed, but must have puzzled him by asking, "Dad, who is 'they'?" Sadly I found that the repetition of that same question gradually dried up the number of extraordinary events he quoted.

One memory I have should be important to my progeny. I was about six years of age when I fell victim to a disease called membraneous croup. (Now named diptheria.) The ordinary poultices and nostrums of the day did nothing to brake the rush of the disease. My bed temporarily had been moved into Mother and Dad's room where several times I saw them on their knees. Later I realized they were pleading with their Maker for the life of their child.

The doctors had advised my parents that as a last measure they would be forced to place a silver tube down my throat before I choked to death, "unless" - ? The "unless" was based on a report they had received that a newly found medicine could stop the march of the dread disease. It was hurried by train from Columbus to Ironton. The doctors turned me over on my stomach and scratched, what seemed to me, to be a deep hole in my back where they placed the new medicine. Even today I can remember hollering like a hyena. But it worked and my life was saved. The first serum that was used in Ironton.

My deeply Christian parents were also ones to give credit where credit is due. Without in any way denigrating God's help in this marvelous recovery, they gave great credit to the serum.

At the end of 1905 we moved to Columbus, Ohio and then on New Year's Day in 1907 arrived at the old Union Pacific station on East

First Street in Los Angeles. It was a rainy, dreary day, and reputed sunny Southern California looked greatly over-advertised. Frankly, we were all tired and homesick.

Dad had gotten a job as Associate Superintendent of the Bible Institute in Los Angeles. His friend, Rev. T. C. Horton was the Superintendent. Shabby offices located on the second floor at Main Street near Third were the headquarters. Mr. Lyman Stewart, a successful oil man and a deeply religious individual, was President of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Stewart generously supplied the funds which enabled the fledgling Institute to survive.

Upon arrival in Southern California we lodged for a time with the Hortons. Then at my mother's insistence we moved to a rented five-room house on Wood Lawn Drive in Highland Park. The rent was $22.50 a month and my parents were indignant at this legalized robbery. Even the principal asset of the property, a six-foot fish pond with a couple of gold fish drearily meandering around in it, did not ease the pain caused by the amount of the rental.

The summers in those days were boring. No Boy Scouts, Y.M.C.A. camps or arrangements of any kind for youngsters. Once each summer there would be a Sunday School picnic. A couple of times my father would ladle us into the street railway, the Pacific Electric, and we would head for Santa Monica or Long Beach for a day's outing. Glorious days - swimming in the surf, riding on the ferris wheel and screaming our lungs out on the roller coaster. Aside from these occasional holidays, I spent most of my time reading. The Public Library was only six blocks away and most every day I would walk to it, read, and collect books.

My most memorable fight came when I was 12 or 13 years old. I must have been reading books by Horatio Alger or Henty about how the strong protect the weak. One morning at school a classmate of my size was

happily pushing around a smaller boy. While martyrdom for the smaller one was a long ways off, I boldly grabbed the assailant and asked why he didn't pick on someone his size. Due largely to the persuasion of his bellicose friends, he accepted my brave ultimatum, and after school we met at a vacant lot. We took off our caps and sweaters and, encircled by a score of yelling boys, we went at it. My enthusiasm for the encounter had waned considerably since the morning's heroic challenge, but I had to follow through or "yellow" out. So we circled and flailed away at each other amid the excited shouted advice of adherents. Somehow or other, by accident I'm sure, I hit him on the nose and a glorious spurt of blood appeared. From then on, instinctively, my every blow was a nose blow. His shirt and my shirt were covered with his blood. One of my eyes was blackening but the blood was more impressive. After what seemed to me to be an inordinately long period of time, he said, "I have to go home to stop this bleeding - I'll finish the fight some other time". I happily acceded. I was sure afterwards that if I had given him one or two more pummels, he would have run. I am also sure that if I had done so, we would not have become as good friends as later we became.

The concensus was that I had won. My young brother Paul strutted around bragging me to the skies. My mother was pretty dubious about her son fighting. Great neighborhood interest centered in how my father would accept the bloody beginning of his son's pugilistic career. When Dad arrived home, he asked me to tell him how the controversy started. I told him - with perhaps a little extra emphasis on my righteousness. To the relief of all, aside from advising me to try to avoid such affairs in the future, he gave his somewhat dubious approval. I was glad to get his sanction, but I

was even happier it was over. I had had enough of being a hero and rushing in to protect the weak. From that time on, I was careful about challenges for one can never be sure they won't be accepted.

I can well remember my first experience in a welfare effort. At Thanksgiving time our 8th grade teacher at Ave. 54 Public School suggested that we gather our pennies together and buy a turkey and the usual extras and donate them to a poor family. Fortunately, none of us dreamed that in Uncle Sam's 1970 view, all our families were in the category of deserving help. We all enthusiastically agreed to our teacher's suggestion. Having purchased the supplies, then came the surprising question, "Who should we give them to?" We hadn't thought of that. Finally it was mentioned that there was a poor family with mother, father, and three or four children living in a shack in the Arroyo that might need help. Splendid. I was on the committee that delivered the food. We arrived at the cabin, which was obviously jerry-built. Washing was being hung on the line by the mother, and the children were happily playing, while the husband chopped wood. We were embarrassed. We didn't know what sort of a gift speech to make without "showing off" and acting superior. But our dubiousness was small compared to that of the principal receiver. One could see several thoughts crossing his mind. "Who are these youngsters?" "Why should they bring us this food?" "I'm able to take care of my own family - I'm not a beggar". "They're nice kids, so maybe I'd better just take the stuff".

We muttered the source of the gifts and departed precipitately. In fact, we ran. No note was ever received from the recipients in appreciation of our effrontery.

It was in 1908, I think, when Dad bought a home at 221 W. Ave. 52 in Highland Park. We were within whistling distance of Occidental College. It was here where I first met Bill Henry and his future wife, Corinne, George and Francis Baer, Frank Rush, Fred Thompson (twice World's Decathlon champion), Fred Eldred, Thad Jones, Frances McComb, Mary Caruth Cunningham and a host of others who did much to shape my ideas and thoughts. I attended the open college celebrations and was religiously on hand at all athletic contests. Coach Joe Pipal moulded a football team with players like Sam McClung, Duffy Seay, Sid Foster and Harry Kirkpatrick that was a forerunner of today's open game. To see a contest I, with my pals, always climbed over the fence because, even if we had had money, we wouldn't have spent it that way. In illegally climbing the fence one day to see a game, I was apprehended and with clothes on put under a cold shower by a couple of the athletic "greats". I was outwardly enraged, but secretly quite proud to have been noticed by two college heroes.

In 1912 my father and mother, after weeks of negotiation, bought an eight-room home in South Pasadena. I believe the cost of the property was $5,000 including a sizeable mortgage. South Pasadena was chosen as the location because its schools had a high reputation for excellence and Mother and Dad wanted their sons to have the best. The home was located at 1144 Oxley Street and was occupied until their deaths by my father in 1939, my brother in 1955, and my mother in 1959. As a matter of inflationary interest, the home was officially appraised at $15,000 in 1959. Forty-seven years of use and only a $10,000 profit.

It was sometime during my years at South Pasadena High School (1912-1916) that Dad either was dismissed or quit his job at the Los Angeles Bible Institute. The circumstances seem hardly credible - at least to me now.

To say that the Bible Institute hierarchy was rather fixed in its religious views would be an understatement. The number of times a certain word was used in a Biblical event had connotations that were known to be significant. The basic difference between the Old and New Testament - the Age of Law and the Age of Grace was emphasized. I can recall two ministers arguing about, what seemed to me, an unimportant Scriptural point. Usually, the one who was getting the worst of the argument would say, "Brother, let us bow our heads and ask God's help in this matter". This prefaced the end of the approaching victory for the better arguer. For when they both bowed their heads, the one who suggested the appeal would ask God to forgive his Brother who held such radical views - views that could only lead to Higher Criticism and questioning of the Word.

One of the important points that occupied a goodly bit of thinking on the part of the top Bible Institute people (as I recall it) was whether the Church was the Body or the Bride of Christ. A decision on this point was made, probably by Dr. Horton. A paper was routed around to all those who were on the payroll which stated that all employees of the Bible Institute believed firmly in accordance with the view expressed on the paper, ending with the phrase "Please sign". Dad did not sign. He held an opposite opinion. Nothing more was ever said to him about this matter. But at the end of the month there was no salary check. This was a matter of high principle to him. He wouldn't cave. His office and desk were still there. His name was on the door. He went to his office each day and was greeted cordially by Dr. Horton and others. At the end of the second month, no check. The same at the third month. The Hadden family, coming close to the poverty line, Dad picked up his meagre books and papers and retired from the benign religiosity of the Bible Institute.

In after years, at different times, I told both Bill and Arthur Stewart, grandsons of Lyman Stewart (benefactor and President of the Bible Institute) about this affair. Both seemed to view my narrative as being remote as the Neanderthal Age. But I pressed on, and not discouraged suggested that I would be willing to accept Dad's unpaid three month's checks. My unselfish suggestion was ignored. Even worse, they refused to take a position on whether the Church was the Body or Bride of Christ.

South Pasadena was a village of perhaps 2,500 people in 1912. Most of the inhabitants had lived there for a long time. One knew his neighbors well. The elementary and the high schools had solid reputations for excellency. My brother Pud (nickname for Paul) was in the sixth grade when I was admitted into the first year of high school. The high school teachers were excellent and for their good teaching received from $1,200 to $1,500 a year.

Mr. George Bush was the Superintendent of Schools, later shot and killed by one of his subordinates who imagined Mr. Bush was treating him unfairly. This unbalanced shooter was even madder at Mr. Bush than my mother was when she thought the Superintendent was maligning her oldest, upright son.

A graduating class had given a flag pole to the school. The night before the dedication, Harold Cass, two other boys and I (all Sophomores) painted a big "16"(our class year) on a cardboard and hauled it up the rope to the top of the flag pole. We had fixed a wire on the cardboard so that it hooked itself to the flag pole at the top. The rope detached itself from the cardboard. The next morning the Class of 16 was being properly advertised and the only known way to decrease the publicity was to get the Fire Department to run up ladders to haul the cardboard down. Temporarily, we four boys were highly pleased.

We were given an "X" in deportment for the year. My mother was indignant and made me complain to Mr. Bush. But my heart wasn't in it. The black mark remained.

While in high school I played on the football, baseball and basketball teams and was captain of the last named. My four year marks consisted of averages of 12 "A's" and 4 "B's". I was elected Student Body President in a close election and it would have given the ego a more reasonable size if I had been soundly beaten. I look back on those years with more embarrassment than joy. I was probably the stuffiest and most conceited young ass it is possible to imagine. Being a fair sized frog in a small puddle isn't all to the "good".

During those high school years my parents were making a wonderful home for my brother and me. My father was organizing the Christian Fundamentals League and at the same time filling in at pulpits. Our mother was teaching a large Sunday School class of women and at the same time making a happy home and giving us a sense of permanency and security. While the family income was low and the Savings Bank additive each year was small, we were never in serious difficulty. Mother and Dad instinctively knew the difference between "needed" and "wanted". We received little in the "wanted" category, but never lacked in the "needed". Our evening meals were happy affairs. Good food and plenty of it. Conversation about school, athletic and religious events, letters from relatives, Grandma's last dramatic flurry - all this made for interesting hours. One of my best recollections is my mother in the kitchen washing dishes and my father standing beside her drying the silver and plates, both happily conversing. If there ever was a marriage "made in Heaven", this was it. It was a life-long love affair

As I look back on our satisfying family life, I recall more vividly many thoughtful instances in which my parents made life happier

for Pud and me. A small example; I had been assigned the job of making a speech at a high school dinner in honor of our fine football coach, Herbert E. White. I had no idea how to go about it. Mother suggested I do it in rhyme. She, being good at rhyming, produced over ninety percent. At the dinner I received great credit for my poetic ability.

In college I had six or eight close friends. A couple of times a year Mother and Dad would put on a dinner at our home for my pals. Of course, no alcohol, but mounds and mounds of wonderful food. Most animals eat only what they need. No more evidence is needed to prove that young men are not animals. I'm sure Mother and Dad enjoyed seeing our youthful enthusiasm and observing our voracious appetites, but it is certain that adequate appreciation for their effort was not expressed by me. Belatedly I give thanks for having such fine parents and for the many needed as well as the extra thoughtful services.

In Mother's effects, after her death, I found a yellowed sheet on which the following thought was expressed - a thought she had made hers.

> "I expect to pass through this life but once: if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now: let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

My brother Pud became a freshman in high school when I was a senior. He was a cute little fellow in short pants, weighing between 90 and 100 pounds. He quickly became a cheer leader, played the traps and drums and took part in plays and in the Glee Club. He made the lightweight football team after gaining a few pounds. Everyone liked h

By the time Pud and I reached high school we were pretty much on our own, financially speaking. Occasionally our parents would purchase

clothes for us - but most of the time we earned our clothes money and always our pocket money. We mowed lawns, I raised rabbits, killed and cleaned them and sold them to the neighbors for 25 cents each. (I have never been able to look at a cooked rabbit since those days). One summer I worked for the Union Oil Company as an office boy and two other summers for the Southern California Edison Company. Then I stumbled into a gold mine. During the school year I became a janitor in a one-room public school. I worked at this one hour in the morning and one in the evening, five days a week. My salary was $13.50 a month and I was the envy of most of my schoolmates.

Girls didn't play a very big part in my life. Occasionally I would splurge and ask a girl to go to the movies. A big event. There was no movie theater in South Pasadena so we would take the streetcar to Pasadena (fare was 5¢ a ride), go to Clunes Theater on Colorado (10¢ entrance fee), then afterwards ~~to~~ to the Chocolate Shop for an ice-cream sundae (10 cents). On these excursions I usually started with 75 cents in my pocket, just in case some big emergency would arise.

It was in 1914, I believe, when Dad, mostly at my urging, took a goodly portion of his small nest egg and bought a used 1912 Buick touring car with five very smooth and tired tires. Even though it wasn't very manageable, we were mighty proud of it. It could cruise at 25 miles an hour - and that was satisfactory because that was the usual speed limit, even in the country. The machine (that's what most people called automobiles in those days) was unbalanced in such a way that hardly anyone, especially Dad, could take it out on a wet street without skidding completely around two or three times.

I think Dad was awed by the machine. In those days very few had driving or mechanical knowledge, and certainly Dad was not inclined in

those directions. He never really learned how to manage the machine. If a streetcar stopped in front of him, he could forget there was a brake and would drive around the left side of the streetcar, much to the bewilderment of any oncoming motorist or streetcar motorman. The steering wheel was on the right side of the car, and to the right of that were four large slots clearly marking where the three forward and reverse gears were located. Dad never quite understood why those three forward gears were needed. One ought to be enough. He didn't favor anyone of the three gears and if he happened to start in second or high, the car would buck and the motor would quit. I can still hear him say, "Now, what's wrong with this confounded contraption". And when he started in low gear, everyone trembled. After roaring the engine until we thought it would burst out of the car, and after a period of contemplation, he would remember he had been told to put the gear lever in another slot. This he would attempt. The hazard here was that he might forget that the clutch was an essential part of this operation. How the transmission lasted, I'll never know. He put his whole weight (he was a 200 pounder) vigorously into moving the gear lever, so that when the clutch was ignored, the clashing racked one's whole frame.

Fortunately, there were few "machines" in those days so that the hazard of unconventional handling hadn't the present day danger. As a matter of comparison, there were in the neighborhood of 100,000 motor vehicles in California in 1914 compared to about twelve million now. Automobile accidents in those days were big news - they so rarely occurred.

Occidental was the one college for me. Having lived near it, followed its teams and known many of its heroes, I never considered any alternative - in fact, I thought any who went elsewhere were mentally undeveloped. At the time, Occidental had a student body of perhaps

250 and a faculty which,I later realized (with a few exceptions), was hardly tophole. The tuition fee was $200 a year. I had received a full scholarship for my first two years and for my last one and a half years (I graduated in three and a half years) my tuition was earned by correcting history examination papers for that great teacher, author and citizen, Robert Glass Clelland.

As an aside, the job I performed for Dr. Clelland gave me a low opinion of the average student. (When I use the word "student", I speak loosely). A Gallup Poll at that time would have shown that close to 100% of the students were certain that the more one wrote on his examination paper, the better the mark. Knowledge of the subject was incidental. I can recall going on football trips with a suitcase full of "Blue-Books" (exam papers) instead of clothes, and spending my spare hours reading the verbose imaginings of irritating students. By and large, those who filled the most pages of the Blue-Book got the lowest marks from me.

I have not given the prominence in this narrative to my brother Pud that he deserves. He had a fun high school life; average scholastic marks, acting in plays, drumming in orchestras and dodging onerous reponsibilities. For example, our mother and father would occasionally urge us both to teach a Sunday School class. Good training for a life of Christian leadership. I tried it once or twice, but was a failure. I couldn't seem to throw my heart into the printed saccharine interpretations of the Sunday's lesson handed to me. So from then on I met the issue by firmly refusing my parent's suggestion. Pud handled the issue better. He never refused. He always indicated that the idea was good, but because of "this or that", now was not the time. Of course, he never succumbed. He had a fine degree of real wisdom in handling issues that could become sticky.

In my high school days I did better in most every department (including inflated ego) than anyone else. This was, in great part, due to two things. First I was one year older than my average classmate. Second, my parents continually pressed me to be the best. Perhaps they overdid it - or that was my later interpretation. Anyway, I tried hard in every field, and was tops in most activities except in debating. Ray Brahams (later a fine minister) and I had the affirmative on the question as to whether the Philippines should be given their independence. Of course, Congress's later action proved our stance, but the debate judges weren't going to let the Filipinos off that easily. The Alhambra High School team licked us handily.

When I went to college I changed my way of life. No more would I try to be tops in studies. Average is good enough. Debating is out. Politics are out - although by some accident I became President of the Sophomore Class. Athletics are in. That was the one activity in which I had become deeply interested and involved. I slept it and lived it. Football, then basketball and baseball. Incidentally, while the last two named sports are much the same game today, football has changed markedly. In 1919 and prior years we played on a sawdust field, the football was larger, the same team played both offense and defense and instructions from the bench were not permitted. The most important difference (old times are always best!) is that we really enjoyed the rather haphazard and inexpert game of the past. The infinitely more scientific and proficient game of today is not matched by a similar increase in fun for the players - or so it seems to me.

Why did my philosophy change when I made the switch from high school to college? Even now, I don't rightly know. I was tired of the struggle for scholastic superiority. I was tired of the adjuration of

my parents to be at the top of my class, although I doubt they pushed me unduly. I was tired of prominence among my peers. I wanted to earn enough to complete my college courses and spend any spare time on athletics. I now think the earning money was understandable and that the athletic fever had to be cooled - and was.

My first college majors were based on the premise I would enter the coaching profession. After a couple of years my intent to follow this sort of career lessened and finally disappeared. A small incident is indicative how my mind had opened enough to listen. When I was a college junior I overheard two high school coaches talking. One said, "Do you know what my job depends on? It depends on the signals a 17-year old quarterback calls."

College life was great. I got into the fraternity I wanted. I became half back on the football team and later became a member of the baseball and basketball teams. I had a couple of professors I thought were fine and my companions were close pals. It was all great until after the First World War. I joined up in the Navy with my boon companion, Buzz Walker, in the summer of 1918. I only served for half a year, but when I returned to college my sights had changed. Athletics no longer seemed all important. I had gotten it out of my system. I no longer wanted to coach. What should I do when I graduated from college? Where could I get a job - for jobs were scarce. And I was taking more than casual interest in a young lady. Whenever I saw or spoke with her, she made me feel that the world is a good place - she expressed happiness, fun and, a new feeling, a sense of contentment. Of course I had dated other girls, but had never before encountered such a reaction.

I shall relate how we met.

At the beginning of each year there was a joint party for the Freshmen and the Juniors. The First Year men dated the Junior girls and the Junior men, the Freshmen girls. Due to the different size of the classes, in this instance, there were less Junior men than Freshmen girls. So, an appeal was made to the Sophomores (my class) to come to the rescue and date the extra girls. I succumbed and looked over the list of 20 or so. At the time there was a movie actress by the name of Ruth Clifford. In the list was a girl by the same name, who had recently come to Pasadena from Minneapolis. There being no one else to attract my attention, I signed up for her.

It wasn't simple in those days. As a preliminary I had to be introduced to her and then call on her fine parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Clifford. They were careful parents and weren't going to permit their daughter to go to a party with someone they hadn't appraised. Wise and fine people. Mrs. Clifford made me feel at home and Mr. Clifford was the epitome of a hospitable, yet reserved gentleman.

I do not remember, but I think it was a good party. I saw little of Ruth for the next year. I was occupied with being a member of several athletic teams. I doubt she missed me. She was having fun with three pals, Helen Roberts, Dick Millar and Carroll Coleman.

After my stint in the Navy - August, 1918 to January, 1919, athletics became secondary and I concentrated on persuading the young lady to consider joining forces with me. Success crowned my persistent efforts.

I completed my needed college credits in February, 1920. Due, in good part, to a recommendation by my mentor, Dr. Robert Clelland, I went to work for Pacific Telephone under that friend and great man, Frank Rush.

In July of 1920, during our engagement days, Ruth was visiting my family at a time when I was given a two-weeks vacation. Ruth's brother, Herbert Clifford, and wife, Virginia, had rented a house in Carmel and had invited us to visit them. By that time Dad had graduated (or descended) to a second-hand Model T Ford touring car. He generousl offered us the use of the car for the vacation trip. We gladly accepted though there were certain drawbacks. The Ford would not travel more than 28 miles an hour with any assurance it would hold together. Pasadena to Carmel was a long distance and there was a gasoline shortage

We drove to Santa Paula and stayed for the night with our good college friend, Jack Gooding, and his wife. We started out happily the next morning and at a spot ten miles north of Ventura, suddenly the motor raced and the Ford leaned over to one side. A survey of the sad scene revealed a broken rear axle. We had the car hauled back to Ventura for repairs with a promise it would be ready by 2 p.m., sent a telegram to Ruth's brother and sister-in-law that sorrowfully we had to give up the visit with them and started looking for a "non-suspicious" place for Ruth to spend the night. My parents had gone to visit someone at an unknown location. We tried phoning a flock of Ruth's sorority sisters in Pasadena, but no luck. The Jack Goodings were "out" for some reason, I do not now remember. What should we do to keep Ruth's reputation (and possibly mine) from being suspect?

Finally, at 4 p.m. the car was ready. Not being sure of what was the best thing to do, being young and full of energy and, not least of all, it being a full moon, we decided to ignore the "appearance" code of the day and follow our original plan and drive to Carmel.

I shall not report all the difficulties encountered with our ancient, open car. But here are a few. The motor over-heated. Then